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A Washington physician has offered $100 "to any one producing a well-authenticated case of hydrophobia in either man or dog."

The Philadelphia North American asks "if the theatre hat is to be legislated against, what is to be done with the men who crowd out between the acts?"

Suez canal trafic has been the most remunerative ever experienced, amounting to almost $16,000,000. Great Britain supplied two-thirds of this, while not a single ship under the United States flag passed through the canal. A total of 3407 steamers used this great waterway last year. In view of the possibility of the Nicaraugua canal, relating to our own commerce, these figures are interesting.

During 1896 the United Kingdom purchased on this country 17,930 horses, compared with only 10,351 in 1895. England bought nearly 12,000 horses in Canada, or no increase over a year previous. Total imports of horses into the United Kingdom in 1896 were 40,677, an increase of nearly 7000 compared with the previous year. The average value of horses shipped into the United Kingdom last year from the United States was about $145. All this goes to show reasons for encouragement in the horse industry, especially that part of it devoted to raising serviceable animals suitable for foreign trade.

A young widow in France whose husband left her all his property on condition that she should forfeit the whole except dower, if she married again, inclined to contract a new marriage, and prudently went to the local court to see if there were any escape. It upheld the will, but a higher court to which the question was taken then reversed the decision on novel grounds. The judges there said that celibacy, being contrary to nature, was something which no man, alive or dead, had a right to impose, and that such an act, particularly in a country like France, where the population is stationary or waning, was contrary to public policy. Upon this the widow married, but it seems she was too hasty after all, for relatives carried the case up to the supreme court, which ungallantly reaffirmed the original opinion. This French decision agrees with the law in this country, and, we believe, in England. Conditions in restraint of marriage are generally held to be void, but there are exceptions to the rule, and one of these exceptions is in the case of a second marriage.

Very few people have any idea of the magnitude of the trade in gentlemen's "neckwear." The quantity of collars and neckties consumed in this country, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is fabulously large and out of all proportion to the consumption of other countries, because in the cities and towns of the United States all classes wear linen and adorn their throats with silk ties. The natural effect of this great consumption is to stimulate the designing of new styles. This art has reached such a degree of success that the foreigners have agents on the ground who imitate American modes in neckties as soon as they appear. While the work of fashioning collars and ties is almost wholly American, foreign materials are largely used, the linen being chiefly imported from Ireland. But while French and other silks are employed, it is gratifying to note that American fabrics are gradually displacing them. That is not strange, for Paterson silks of fine designs are made up into ties which are sold for fifty cents, while the imported, no better in shape or quality, cannot be had for less than $1 to $1.50. It is needless to say that with such a difference the foreign article cannot stay in the race long, and must give way to the home-made product.

MR. JOHN.

BY EVELYN PARKER.

THE wedding had passed off exceedingly well, and everybody was satisfied, especially with the fact of its being over. It had taken place at the old-fashioned early hour, so that the bride and bridegroom and all the guests might be gone before evening, and Mrs. Wallace, the bride's grandmother, might have time to settle down again before bedtime. She was a very vigorous and plucky old lady, but she admitted that at four-score years it is well to keep to regular hours.

It was evening now. Mrs. Wallace had retired to her dressing room, and the whole house had resumed its wonted aspect.

At the drawing-room window stood Christy Wallace, looking out at the lingering sunset, and meditating on the fact that no one was so thankful that the wedding was over as herself, and that for all her thankfulness life promised to be a little uninteresting just for the present. Blanche had been there so long, that though the cousins had by no means been all-in-all to one another, they had made part of each other's existence; and as for Harold, he had been at The House all his life long, and had run in and out of Mrs. Wallace's house as if it had been his own.

There had been a time, before and after Blanche arrived upon the scene, when Harold had come in and out of Christy's acknowledged, if not accepted, lover. Then Blanche's livelier ways attracted him, and nobody had much account of Christy's prior claim. Mrs. Wallace even had said little, and though she had devised a multiplicity of errands and occupations for her elder grandchild, she had refrained from petting, or any words of compassion—a form of consideration for which Christy very heartily thanked her.

Christy was thinking of all this as she leaned against the window, and could not be sorry that the strain of the lover's presence was removed. Blanche had behaved very well all through, been very affectionate and cousinly, but there was the faintest suspicion of kindly condescension in her treatment of the girl whom she had supplanted. As for Harold, his bluff good fellowship had been a daily trial. They were gone, but the removal of her cross made Christy feel as if life would consist of nothing to do for some to come.

She looked up the hill to where the chimneys of The House showed between the trees, and wondered if Mr. John was experiencing anything like her own feelings now that Harold was gone and he had the place to himself. She wondered, too, if now they would allow him the use of his surname, or if he was to be Mr. John to the end of the chapter.

He had gained the name during his uncle's life, and after Mr. Turton's death, Harold, Mr. John's half-brother, had carried so much the more imposing presence that the squire still remained in the background as Mr. John. He was quiet and studious, and if he had any love for society he repressed it, partly from his disinclination to be outshone by his younger brother, partly from his desire to amend, if possible, the fallen fortunes of his little estate. It was known that his uncle had been ambitious that he should marry money, but Mr. John appeared to prefer to save his money by strict economy. If he had ever paid court to anybody, he and that person were the only ones that knew it.

Harold also would have been pleased to see him marry money, though he was generous to him, and though Harold had a sufficient fortune of his own.

Harold had been much the bigger man at The House, and Christy half smiled at the thought of Mr. John being forced by circumstances to take his own place.

The sun was going down now, the garden lay in a shadow, though the bright rays still shone on Mr. John's chimneys, and on the roses that clustered over Christy's window. Suddenly there was a step on the turf, and some one came leisurely around the corner of the house.

"May I come in, Miss Wallace? It is lonely up at the house."

It was Mr. John himself, and she hastened to admit him. "I was thinking of you," she said, "and wondering if we were to take to calling you by your rightful name now that there is only one of you."

"There has been only one of me all my life long, I think, and that one has been Mr. John. It would be difficult to turn it into anything else, Miss Wallace."

"Not more difficult, I should think, than you found it to change me from Christy to Miss Wallace," she said, with a little smile.

"That happened, and had to happen, when you grew up," he replied, with a faint flush rising to his face.

"When are you going to grow up, then, Mr. John? I was rather slow at it if it only happened five years ago, but you are even more dilatory," said Christy, talking for the sake of talking.

"What do people do when they grow up? Get married, like Harold and Blanche? Well, I admit that we have let our juniors get the start of us in that. I hope they will have a happy life," he ended, dreamily.

"They expect it, and they are light-hearted people. Blanche is not often out of spirits."

Then the two lapsed into silence, and sat gazing out over the landscape. They were both thinking of Blanche and Harold, and of themselves as well.

The sun set, and the summer twilight had it all its own way in garden and wood and meadow, and here, in [illegible], where the silent figures sat by the window and meditated.

Christy stirred herself with a bit of a laugh, as a thrush in the acacias broke into sudden cry. "I am keeping you here all in the dark," she said, and would have risen to ring for lights.

"Not yet," besought Mr. John. "I came up here with a distinct purpose to-night, but I do not know how to set about it. I am a shy, awkward man. Will you forgive me if I make a blunder?"

"Surely," answered Christy, in bewilderment.

"I want to show you a letter you once wrote me," and he selected a note from his pocketbook and handed it to her. "Do you remember it?"

Christy opened it and read it by the waning daylight. He watched her as she leaned to the window, thinking what a dainty, delicate hand she had:

Dear Mr. John—I am sorry you asked me, because it is impossible. Grandmamma could not spare me. Harold will explain it to you. Yours faithfully,

CHRISTINE WALLACE.

She handed it back to him.

"I remember it very well, but it is a long time ago. I thought it must have offended you somehow, for it was then that I suddenly grew up."

"It is possible for a man to be hurt without being offended. The note hurt me, but something was said yesterday which made me think there had been a mistake. Will you tell me what it was that I asked, and you found impossible?"

Christy began to feel nervous; there was something almost portentous in the extreme quiet of his speech. His face looked pale through the gathering gloom.

"It was a message that Harold brought from you. You asked me to ride with you to Bolton's Cove the next day, and I could not go partly because granny did not think it proper for me to ride with you alone, and partly because the servants were going to a confirmation, and Jones had to take my horse to drive them. Harold said he could explain all that in words better than I could in writing. I was vexed, because I wanted to go to Bolton's Cove. You see, I remember it all very well."

"Excellently well," he answered, with a curious intonation. "Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that I never did ask you to go to Bolton's Cove, and that I sent you no message on that day."

"I don't understand."

"No," he answered, his hands moving restlessly, in curious contrast to Christy's, which lay immovable in her lap. "It seems that I had two friends just then more anxious for my permanent welfare than my present happiness. I was writing a letter of some importance to myself when my uncle called me away. I left my desk unlocked, not supposing that anyone would be likely to search into my private affairs, but it proved that I was too trustful. Harold examined my letter, and reported upon it to my uncle, and, as the result, my letter was suppressed, and a message devised for Harold to carry in its place. I have a copy of that letter. Let me light a candle; I should like you to read it."

Christy sat white and silent in her shimmering wedding dress, ghostlike in the faint light from the window; scarcely less so in the little yellow gleam of the candle. Not a pose or a motion of hers escaped Mr. John that night.

She was rather frightened now, when he set the candle down on the shelf beside her and handed her this second letter. The paper trembled in her hand, and she bent her head nervously over it. As she read she trembled more and more, for this was a plain and simple proposal of marriage from a man to whom she had never dared to lift her eyes from that point of view, and the very simplicity of it was so like the writer that it was like having his very words breathed into her ears. It was written five years ago, and he was standing over her now as she read it.

To him the time seemed endless, as she sat with bent head considering those brief words. But it was more than the words that detained her; it was the shock of the whole thing and the difficulty of realizing its meaning.

She moved at last, and he took back the letter.

"The explanation that Harold gave me was that you preferred him to me," he said, with the same forced quietude of his former speeches. "If I sent the letter to you now what answer would you give me?"

"Mr. John!" spoke Christy in startled tones.

"If you said 'John,' it would be all the answer I would ask for," he answered.

Christy half rose. She thought she would feel safer on her feet, and at that moment the door opened.

"The mistress wants you in her room at once, Miss Christy, and shall I bring in the lamp?"

Christy went up swiftly to her grandmother—a little shocked at having forgotten her for so long, and a good deal relieved at having gained time before giving her answer.

Mrs. Wallace was sitting in her chair by the window, from which she might have seen Mr. John's approach to the house.

"So John Turton's here," she said, in her quick, sharp way. "What's he come for, Christy? What's he come for?"

Christy's wits were hardly sufficiently collected for her to give an immediately intelligible answer.

"Never mind," said the old lady, nodding cheerfully, "we all know that he has not come to see if his brother is left behind by mistake. Now, look here, Christy, John Turton is here to propose to you, and you are a fool if you say no. He's no fool and he's worth a dozen of his brothers. Harold was good enough for Blanche, but he was not good enough for you, and I was not vexed when he threw you over for her. You take John; he's the man for you," and the old lady nodded more and more vigorously in approbation.

"But, granny—" began Christy, appealingly.

"Tut, tut! Never mind granny. There, you don't want to be vexing yourself with the notion that I can't do without you—I can manage, I can manage! You do as I bid you. Go down and drop a pretty courtesy and say, 'If you please, Mr. John.' That's the thing, and there is no Harold to come between you this time. Some old women aren't so blind as they look, my dear. Come here, Christy," seeing how her grandchild stood irresolute, with face working and eyes suspiciously misty. "Bend down and kiss your granny. You have been a good child to me, and a comfort ever since I had you, and I want to see you happily settled. John's the man for you. Go down to him, and to-morrow you can send him up to me; I don't want to see him to-night."

But Christy lingered, kneeling by her grandmother, really crying softly, overcome by the tenderness from such an unexpected source, coming on the top of so many disquieting things.

Mrs. Wallace did not allow her to cry long.

"That's enough, Christy!" she said briskly. "Cheer up and get about your business. You are keeping the man waiting."

So Christy had to go down. Mr. John, listening with the ears of an anxious lover, heard every footfall on the stairs; heard uncertain steps come across the hall, uncertain fingers laid on the door-handle. His heart beat as irregularly as her feet moved.

His eyes sought hers as she entered—eagerly, anxiously. "What has Mrs. Wallace said to you?"

"She said that John Turton had come to propose to me, and I was a fool if I said no. Oh, John!" she said, in a voice that was smothered in his embrace, "if I was not good enough for Harold—"

"Let Harold be; he has done us harm enough already, Christy," he said, with his voice tremulous with a multitude of feelings. "I am promoted to be John, and I feel that I am growing up!"

"John," she repeated, still much smothered, "I—I suppose they will naturally say Mr. and Mrs. Turton, won't they? We shall both be grown up then."—The Home Queen.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No sin is so little that it may not become the soul's master.

Looking a difficulty square in the face will often kill it dead.

No prayer meeting was ever killed by the prayers being too short.

To close our hearts against a brother is to shut heaven against ourselves.

The world has learned more from its poor than it has from its kings.

The man who robs another of his right loses most by the transaction.

Beware of the sin whose only defense is that it is highly respectable.

A poor man with a sunny spirit will get more out of life than a wealthy grumbler.

When love gives it enriches itself, but what covetousness keeps it takes from itself.

Boil down many a man's religion and it will be found to have been nothing but froth.

Love is dead when the husband begins to grudge the money it takes to support his wife.

It is not what we have, but what we do with what we have, that proves our fitness for promotion.

There must be a constant dying to a lower life if we would know what it means to enjoy a higher one.

The man who spends his time in counting hypocrites generally makes a miscount by not putting himself at the head of the list.

There is some blessing in being rich and strong and gifted, but there is more in being none of these, and yet doing better than they.

When the preaching is against sins that are not known this side of China, and no other, the devil will help the preacher to get a congregation.

Go forth with a smile on your face, and you will return believing that most people are good natured. Wear a frown and you will find plenty of quarrelsome people.—Ram's Horn.

Diseases of Gems.

Precious stones are subject to various maladies much the same as ordinary human beings. Many of the maladies of gems are incurable and often prove fatal as far as the beauty of the stone is concerned. One of the commonest infirmities of precious stones is their disposition to change color. The emerald, the sapphire and the ruby are commonly supposed to have absolutely permanent colors, and yet it has been found by recent experiment in Paris that long exposure to light causes them to fade perceptibly.

In the garnet and the topaz the change is often comparatively rapid. This fading is accompanied in rubies and garnets by a cloudy, dull appearance. The habit which some gems have of cracking unexpectedly and without any apparent cause seems to be incurable. Opals are considered the most "unlucky" of all gems. They often become so sensitive that the heat encountered by the wearer sitting close to a fire will destroy them.

The lustre of an opal is due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles, producing its characteristic prismatic colors. Any one of these myriad of cracks may cause the gem to split.

The misfortunes of pearls are almost too numerous to be classified. Since the pearls consist entirely of carbonate of lime, they are exceedingly sensitive to all sorts of reactions. Thrown into a fire at an ordinary red heat they are instantly converted into a mere pinch of lime dust, and if accidently touched with any corroding acid are ruined. They are easily cracked or broken, and often lose their lustre merely by being handled. The acid contained in the perspiration of the skin has also been known to destroy them.—New York World.

Diet for the Pet Dog.

The best menu for a pet dog consists of bread and milk, oatmeal boiled in broth, vegetables mixed with gravy (cabbage or greens of some kind, flavored with gravy, should be given two or three times a week in place of the grass which he would eat if he could get it), biscuits and puppy cakes and an occasional bone, without meat, for the benefit of his teeth, which will otherwise become loose from want of use; water to any extent and an occasional pinch of powdered sulphur, especially in warm weather, by the way of a condiment.

Texts in London Street Vehicles.

There is in London a Tramcar and Omnibus Scripture Text Mission, which aims to put a transparent text in each car and omnibus in the city. It is estimated that there are 1500 omnibuses and 896 tramcars, carrying annually 244,000,000 and 175,000,000 travelers respectively. The society has not yet succeeded in supplying each, but is endeavoring to do so, hoping thus to rival the value of the advertisements.